

thinking Face; he looks as if he was big with something of Importance, and carries *Lucretius's Essay upon human Understanding* in his Hand; but I must say, such a sempiternal Vender of *Irish Balls* is no Honour to the great Man he professes to copy from, and quotes upon every Occasion. — This *Philomusus*, said I, must be one of your distinguished Authors, for he seems to have more Enemies than one; observe that Chap with the broad round Face, baldful and awkward in his Carriage, who grins upon poor *Philo* with a most inveterate Snicker. — O Sir, that's *Philokalus*, the obscurest and most abusive of all my Authors. — Thrust him up in that obscure Corner with Mr *Q*, then, said I, and see which will make the best Figure; what untimely Birth did he bring forth, pray? — Why Sir, he is of that Sect of polemical Writers, who mistake Raillery and Billing-gate for Argument and good Sense. — Well, and here's to his Reformation, poor Soul. — But pray what does he rail at honest *Philo* for? — Because he imagines he has classed him among his *Dunces*, seeing he has not given him a Place among the *Worthies* in his *Satyrical Epistle*. — But pray what is the Design and Drift of that same *Satyrical Epistle*, Friend *Jonas*? — Why, so far as I can see, it is to ridicule the Vice and Ignorance that prevail in this *Infant Province*, which Vice and Ignorance, he seems to say, arises from the Want of good Education, *Universities*, and *Seminaries of Learning*. — There he is right; but I think he should also have brought in bad and indifferent *Poets*, and all wretched Authors, among his other *Fops*, and then he could very properly have attributed their Folly and Vanity to Want of *Learning* and *Good Manners*: — But we have said enough of him.

Methinks you have got a devilish Clan of *Poets* here. — O yes, Numbers of the *Rhyming Species*. There's *Juba*, the *Monitor of the Ladies*. Here's *Ignotus*, very properly so called, a puny *Translator*. There's that wonderful Imitator of *Horace*, in his *Ode*, beginning *Orium divos, &c.* And here is *Eumolpus*, that solemn Dealer in *blank Verse*, the Body of whose *Muse*, too large for her small Wings, like a *squab Goffling*, comes soule down as often as she attempts to soar. — This Sort of Poetry by some is thought the easiest, but is surely the most difficult; because where the Jingle of Rhime is wanting, there must be a strong Fancy, just Sentiment, and lively Colouring, to make it even tolerable. — This Gentleman then, said I, has mistaken himself much, if I judge right; for there is little else in that *Poem* of his, but a tolerable Cadence and Measure in the Lines. — He is surely a *dead Post*: and therefore, here is Peate to his *Manes*.

I was going to proceed, when you pulled a little Ticket out of your Pocket, upon which was painted the Device of a *Monkey riding a winged Ass*, and in the *Offskip*, *Mount Parnassus reversed*, with its double Top erupt in a thick black Cloud: This you pinned to my Coat. — What now, *Jonas*? said I. — Nothing Sir, but now you have the Honour to be classed among my Authors; this is their *Badge of Distinction*. — Thank you kindly, *Jonas*, but I hope some Time or other to be in better Company.

But what Cabal is that, laying their Heads together? — These are moral or ethical Writers, who are making Excerpts from the *Spectators*, *Tatlers*, and other known Books, to patch together some Scraps for my Paper, which they think may be worth reading; but they are mistaken, for these trite Subjects have already been much better handled, than they can pretend to treat them; and so they may be called a Set of *Plagiaries*. Among them you see *Energetes*, who is so merry with the *Ladies*, who mind this *sarcastic Monitor* less than they do a *Fop* daub'd with Lace, and his Hat modishly cock'd. There too is *Euphraner*, who writes an *unfinish'd Piece upon Taste*. There also is that gloomy Author, who gave us an *Essay upon Night*. Here too is *Philalethes*, *Publius Agricola*, *Simplicius* properly so called; and the *Splenetic Writer* of *WHAT NEWS?* with a few others of less Note. — A little apart from these, you see *P. Q.*; *R. S.*; and *T. V.*; three staunch *Protestants*, who were the Editors of the *Panegyric upon the Whore of Babylon*.

Hey! Hey! what a Hurly Burly have we here! *Jonas*, this is not fair; — three against two: I have a good Mind to assist the weakest Party. — You had better sit still and drink your Punch. — Here's to you. — Well, well, as to drink is better than to quarrel at any Time, I'll drink; and do you go on with the History of your *Champions*. — These two upon one Side, are the *Freeholder* and *Americano Britannus*, and these three that engage them are the *Native of Maryland*. — What! that prolix Drivler, interrupted I, who has given us a Preface long enough, and as fit for the History of *China* or *Japan*, as for the Subject he was to go upon? — *Philanthropos*, and his *Anonymous*, Brave — — — and what do I

about? — Why, the Pretence upon one Side is the *Liberty of the Subject*, and the *Security of every Man's Purse and Property*. That on the other is the Cause of *injur'd Magistracy*, and to chastise the daring and insolent Contempt of Authority; both specious and plausible Subjects of Debate, to cover over something else that is meant, to wit, whether a *Court-House* shall be built in this Place or in that Place, agreeable to the Interest, not of the Public, but of either contending Party. — But why should the Public be annoy'd with this tedious Dispute, might it not have been better let alone? — I grant it, Sir, but they pay me for it, and I'll publish any Thing for Money, if it is not impious or treasonable. — You're right, *Jonas*; but go on. — What the *Freeholder* has said is well enough; and the Gentleman may pass, in these Parts, for a tolerable *Patriot-Writer*. But, as for the *Native of Maryland*, he is abundantly too prolix, and becomes tiresome by a Multiplicity of Words and little Substance; and indeed in some Places he is absurd, where he asserts an unlimited uncontrollable Power, in any *Magistrate* whatsoever, or in any *Constitution*, to levy whatever they please upon the People; for here, he plainly pleads the Cause of Oppression, and advances a gross Absurdity, in supposing the *Constitution* an Enemy to itself. — He does not advance greater Absurdities, than *Philanthropos*, who does not deserve the Name he assumes. Look at this Passage in his Letter. — *A Birth-Right, an inherent Right*. — Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, — Confound the Nonsense! No, the Right of any Prince, whether hereditary or elective is not inherent but derived; it is a *Right in Trust*, committed to him upon certain Conditions by the People, which Conditions, if he observes not, he forfeits this Right; and a Man can no more be born a *King*, than he can be born a *Reverend Commissary*. — Here again, I know of no *Essential* or *Fundamental* of the *Constitution* but *Parliaments*. Ha, ha, ha. — Don't you know *Wiscare*? Why the People, the *Constituents* of the *Constitution*, the *Parliament* be it called, are the *Essential* and *Fundamental* of the *Constitution*, the *Parliaments* being only the *Creatures* of the People. — Hey, hey, hey! Their *Existence* was before the Law, their *Origin* cannot be founded on any Law, we have *Larus* for the *Choice* and *Regulation* of them, but not for their *Existence*. Ha, ha, ha, ho, Excellent! so much for *Parliaments*; that is, we have *Larus* for their *Existence*, but not for their *Existence*. Quod erat demonstrandum. — You Mr. *Philanthropos*, shall have a *hereditary Right* to be *King of the Blunderers*. I think, Friend *Jonas*, these Disputes are altogether needless, and ought not to be drawn out to such a great Length, because, in the first Place, they do not answer the pretended Purpose for which they were broached, and it is only in the Power of the *Legislature* to determine such Cavils, and secondly, they breed Animosities and Heart-burnings, among People that were formerly good Neighbours, and disturb the *Quiet* of Society. — However, here's a Health to the *Freeholder*, and all true *Whigs*, (ay, ay, to all true *Whigs*, says you) for if any one of these *Partizans* deserves the Name of an honest Fellow, he seems, in my Opinion, to have the best Title to it.

Here there stepp'd into the Hall a stately grave Person, who took a Survey of the whole *Posse* of Authors, and then with a scornful Smile turned towards the Place where we were. — What Stranger is that, said I? — I believe, answer'd you, his Name is *Public Opinion*, he is a Person of nice Taste, and hard to please; I never yet could reconcile him to any of my Authors. — Here coming close up to us, he stopp'd our Enquiry; after he had tasted of our Bowl, he asked what we were about. — Taking a View of my Authors, said you. — *Authors*! replied he, sneeringly, I believe such a Rabble of *Authors* never were before heard of, — An't you afraid of bringing your Paper into Contempt, and disobliging your Readers, by being concerned with these *Writers* and their Performances, without scrupulously weighing the Value of their Works, before you trouble the Public with them? — As for their Works, said you, I never give my self the Trouble to weigh the Value of any of them, my *Types* are always in Readiness for them, when they send me a *Piece of Money*, and instead of reading the *Author's Piece*, to find the Value of it, I read the *Money Bill* he sends along with it, and according as that is more or less in Value, so I put a greater or less Value upon the *Author* and his Performance. — Strange way of judging! But do you think the Public will judge so? — Undoubtedly Sir, for we daily find that many People are much taken notice of and esteemed, who have nothing but *Money* to recommend them, any more than these *Performers* of *Authors*, paltry and insignificant as you take them to be. — This *Sophistical* Argument, said he, smells stink of the *Natives*